

RECEIVER NAMED FOR THE MISSOURI, KANSAS AND TEXAS

Third of the Big Southwestern
Railroad Systems to
Go Under.

HAD A LONG STRUGGLE

Shares Selling at Low Ebb Re-
cently—Was Originally a
Rockefeller Road.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 27.—A receiver was appointed today for the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad. Judge Elmer D. Adams of the United States Circuit Court took action on the filing of two suits by the law firm of Boyle & Priest.

Charles E. Schaff, President of the railroad, was named receiver.

One of the receivership suits was filed by the Railway Steel Springs Company of New Jersey, which filed a claim of \$10,000, and the other by P. H. Husey, a contractor who has a claim for \$120,000.

DALLAS, Tex., Sept. 27.—Charles E. Schaff, President of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway system, was appointed receiver for the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway of Texas by Judge W. C. Clegg of the United States District Court here this afternoon. The receivership suit was filed by attorneys on behalf of P. H. Husey, who styles himself a general creditor of the company, acting for himself and others.

For several years the M., K. & T., commonly called the "Katy," has been struggling with financial difficulties similar to those that already have bankrupted its neighbors, the Frisco and the Missouri Pacific. It is noticeable that the three principal railroad systems extending from Missouri to the Southwest are all in charge of receivers.

Shares of the Katy have been selling on a receivership basis for some time, so today's action was not unexpected. The company has 3,000 miles of road, extending from St. Louis through the states of Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas to Galveston. It has outstanding \$16,000,000 of capital stock and a bonded debt of \$11,000,000.

The system was originally put together by Rockefeller interests, but success never crowned the efforts. In recent years the ropes of the Katy have been controlled by New York banking interests, too much regulation by states to be carried through recent lean years caused the failure.

EARRINGS GO THROUGH WRINGER, BUT ARE SAVED

Worth \$2,000. Mrs. MacLean Gives
\$30 to Laundry Employee
Who Found Them.

Mrs. Arthur MacLean, wife of the proprietor of the Hunter Island Inn, in Pelham Bay Park—the last chance going out of New York and the first coming in—when she went to bed on Friday night, slipped her diamond earrings into the pillow slip. On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. MacLean found that fresh slips held the pillows and that those of Friday had been shipped to the wash.

The maid who made up the room had seen no diamonds. She had just thrown the \$2,000 slip into the wash as if it hadn't been worth more than thirty cents. Hysterics seized Mrs. MacLean, but she hastened to the New Rochelle laundry where the inn has its washing done.

No, they hadn't seen any diamond earrings, but they would look up the pillow slip. The slips had gone through the wringer and were being dried.

An all-night search revealed nothing, but yesterday afternoon one of the diamond earrings was found in the bottom of the wash stove and, wonder of wonders, the other earring was found this morning on its way to the drain pipe. Neither husband was injured.

The same employee found both earrings and Mrs. MacLean gave him \$30.

Funeral of Patrolman Dapping.
The funeral of George Dapping, the young policeman who was shot early Friday morning when gangsters shot up the dance of the "The" McManus Association at Manhattan Casino, took place this morning from the home of his parents in the Four Corners section of Westchester, the Bronx. There was a requiem mass in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Williamsbridge. The burial was in St. Raymond's Cemetery.

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"HOW CAN I KEEP MY HUSBAND'S LOVE?" Unhappy Hubby Tells of Woes

There are evidently more ways to lose than to keep a husband's love, judging by the reply of "Unhappily Married." Suspicion, with a capital S, and nagging, with a capital N, are two of the surest ways to LOSE your husband's love, he declares. The woman who wants to lose and the one who wants hubby to hand her his pay envelope unopened are other sure losers.



**Powder and Paint and Stylish Clothes Keep Her
Hubby's Affections From Wandering Where They
Shouldn't, Says One Wife Whose Spouse Likes
to "Show Her Off to the Boys" in the Evening
—Husbands Need to Be Petted, Sick or Well,
Says Another Wife, Who Has Had Two.**

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

"How can I keep my husband's love?"
Mrs. Loretta Kolland, a young Cleveland bride, so badly wants an answer to this question that she has asked the police authorities to force her husband's "affinity" to disclose her method of corraling the gentleman's errant affections. It is safe to say that few women would resort to such a desperate and humiliating expedient. It is, however, certain that many, many women are repeating to themselves Mrs. Kolland's brutally direct question, "How can I keep my husband's love?" Answers to this question and a full, frank discussion of it are what I wish to receive from matrons, men and maids for publication in The Evening World.

If, as a married woman, you are convinced that your husband is still in love with you, to what qualities or accomplishments of your own do you attribute this most desirable state of affairs? If you are an unloved wife, what are the matrimonial pitfalls and quicksands which you would counsel other women to avoid? Those of you who are not yet married, nevertheless, may have interesting theories, based on observation and natural intelligence, as to the most efficient methods of making a husband happy and of retaining his affection. I shall hope to hear from you. And what advice do men—either bachelors or husbands—give women on this important subject of keeping a husband's love?

THREE TYPES OF WIVES WHO NEVER WILL WIN LOVE.
I have already received one letter from a man with the significant signature, "Unhappily Married." The thing that he does is to indicate clearly three sure losers among wives, three types of women who rarely or never succeed in retaining the love and devotion of the men they marry. I wonder how many women will agree with him. To me his letter at least comes near to answering the question, "How can I NOT keep my husband's love?"

"Suspicion with a great big capital S is one of the quickest and surest ways of destroying the love of a husband," declares "Unhappily Married." "The wife who is suspicious from the start is foredoomed to failure. Her husband's women acquaintances, his business, his relatives, all are props on which to hang her aching, gnawing conviction that somehow she is being cheated. She accuses him of caring for the women, of neglecting his business—or of making more money than he will admit—of consulting the opinions of his family instead of relying solely on her judgment. His love is beaten down under the hailstorm of her suspicions."

"This is the woman who walks into her husband's office at unexpected hours without being announced, who opens every letter of his on which she can get her hands, who makes a scene whenever he is half an hour late for dinner, who is furious if he calls on his mother two or three times a week, who puts him through a nightly catatonic. If he cares for her he stands it for a while, trying to teach her the lesson that love means trust."

"But sooner or later he revolts. Suspicion is the mother of suggestion. The man who is constantly accused of being a spendthrift, a drunkard, an unfaithful husband, is likely to conclude that, having the name he may as well have the game. His garment of love has been trampled on and insulted so many times that he throws it away like a dirty rag. From that time he is lost to his wife, whether she divorces him or not, and she joins the army of misunderstood female martyrs—when it's all her own fault."

WIVES WHO HAVE "BOSS ITCH" AND WANT ALL THE MONEY.
"Another woman who cannot keep her husband's love is she who has the boss itch. Often a young, ignorant, irresponsible girl,

"MEN CAN BE SOOTHED
INTO THINKING YOU ARE
AN ANGEL."
WRITING "HUSBAND"



money to pay the rent himself. She rejects it he abstracts a few of the dollars he has earned by his work to spend as HE pleases. She prefers to present him with daily doses.

"She may not be an extravagant woman. She may have excellent ideas about the disposal of the family income. But her arbitrary assumption that it is all hers to dispose of, her readiness to bicker, nag

she feels that, having married a man, she is authorized to direct his life to its last lonely detail. She will tell him what clothes to wear, what plays to see, how many cigars to smoke, which friends to cultivate. She wants to put him in a social straitjacket and hold the strings. His working day is spent away from her, but she feels injured if he selects to spend an hour of his leisure in a manner not specifically recommended by her. She is a feminine edition of Simon Legree."

"The American husband lies down and takes this sort of thing more than do most men. But he has his limits. Even when, out of sheer ennui and indifference, he refrains from kicking over the marital traces, his affection for his petty tyrant decidedly wanes. He may not leave her, but he cannot keep on loving her. So—she loses."

"The almighty dollar is the third big reason why many a woman loses her husband's love. Perhaps I'm handing a bouquet to my own sex, but it seems to me that the average husband in this country is inclined to give his wife a square financial deal. But is that enough for her? It isn't! She wants to hog it all. Many a woman considers that she has received a deadly insult if her husband refuses to hand over his unopened pay-envelope. She denies him the right to take out the

or rave in order to get it all, most delectable and delectable the man with any delicacy of feeling, even with an ordinary allowance of self-respect. Sooner or later this woman, too, will wonder why her husband doesn't love her any more."

SHE'S BEEN A NURSE AND FINDS PETTING HAS ITS USES.

This is a warning arrangement. How will the women readers of The Evening World answer it? Do they agree with "Unhappily Married" as to the reasons why wives lose their husbands' love? Is it true that one who wishes to keep her mate's affection must not be suspicious, must not be a boss, must not quarrel about money? Tell me what you think about it.

Meanwhile, here is a letter from a woman who has succeeded in keeping the love of two husbands:

"Dear Madam: The secret of keeping a husband stupidly consists in loving him and petting him. I know, for I have had two. I married the first one when I was very young, but we never had a quarrel during all the years we spent together. It is the same way with my second husband, who seems to live only to make me happy. I have studied nursing, and I understand that men need comforting and petting both when they are well and when they are sick. If you handle them the right way the most unmanageable ones will vow you are an angel."

"Any woman who once possesses her husband's love can retain it by the exercise of a little loving tact and kindness. She has to be either wicked or a fool for the average well-broken

GIRL SINGER SHOT BY FIANCE DIES; SLAYER A SUICIDE

Heckler Feared Success of Pearl
Palmer Might Cost
Him Her Love.

On the eve of her Broadway debut in "The Princess Pat," which had been set for tonight, Pearl Palmer, twenty-three years old, a light opera singer with more than ordinary talent, lies dead today in the Polytechnic Hospital.

She was shot three times in the head last evening in her studio at No. 240 West Seventy-second Street by her sweetheart, Herbert Heckler, a baritone protégé of Pauline Grainger, who had sung in the Metropolitan Opera Company. After fatally wounding the girl Heckler killed himself.

The police and Coroner's Office tried today to find a motive for the tragedy. Jealousy prompted by a belief that she would secure a triumph at the opening performance and then become just to him forever is believed to have prompted Heckler's act.

Wilfred Ashland, booking agent for M. Witmark, "discovered" Pearl Palmer five years ago. She then was singing in vaudeville. In Ashland's office at No. 144 West Thirty-seventh Street three years ago Heckler met the young woman. They sang together in light opera.

Miss Palmer and Heckler were singing with a musical stock company at Whelan Park, Fitchburg, Mass., when Gus Salzer, musical conductor

American husband to stop loving her.

"Dear Madam: I am married and mother of a lovely boy, one and a half years old. Although I am only twenty, I do all my own housework—washing, ironing, cooking and cleaning. I always manage to get through my work by noon. If I have to start at 5 in the morning, as sometimes I always do, I dress, paint and powder, to look baby cut for a while."

"When my husband gets home from work at 6 P. M., supper is always ready, and he smiles as he compliments me how nice and neat the baby and myself look. He almost always suggests going out somewhere, and when I remark about our going out so much evenings, he says he wants to show the boys what a nice, up-to-date wife he has."

"If it weren't for paint, powder and foot-wide belts, baby and I would be at home, while daddy went out to some show to see other dainty girls. My way to keep my husband's love is first to keep the house comfortable and then to keep myself attractive. Do you know a better way?"

"MRS. HAPPY H. A. M."

Pretty Opera Singer and Fiance Who Figured in Double Tragedy



PEARL PALMER

of "The Princess Pat," visited Ashland and said he wanted to find a prima donna. Ashland recommended Miss Palmer, who was engaged and "made good" at the tryouts in Philadelphia.

Heckler and the girl appeared to love each other devotedly, and told their friends that they were engaged. Pearl Palmer was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Foster of No.

236 East Seventy-seventh Street. She had not lived with her parents for several years and had abandoned the name of Foster, although she was on the best of terms with her mother and father.

She returned to New York last evening from the rehearsals in Philadelphia and went to her studio, first calling on her teacher, Mme. Alice Andree Parker, who lives on the first floor of the building.

"I am so happy," she said. "I am sure the piece will prove a great success."

Then she went up to her studio. Heckler reached there about 10 o'clock. They quarrelled for an hour, and finally persons in the building heard four shots.

A policeman who was called forced his way into the studio. He found Heckler dead. The girl was taken to Poycyn Hospital, where she died early this morning without regaining consciousness.

Heckler is said to be the son of a wealthy manufacturer of Chicago.

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